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**BAREFOOT DAYS**  
**AND**  
**SUNDOWN SONGS**  
**BY RAYMOND HUSE**



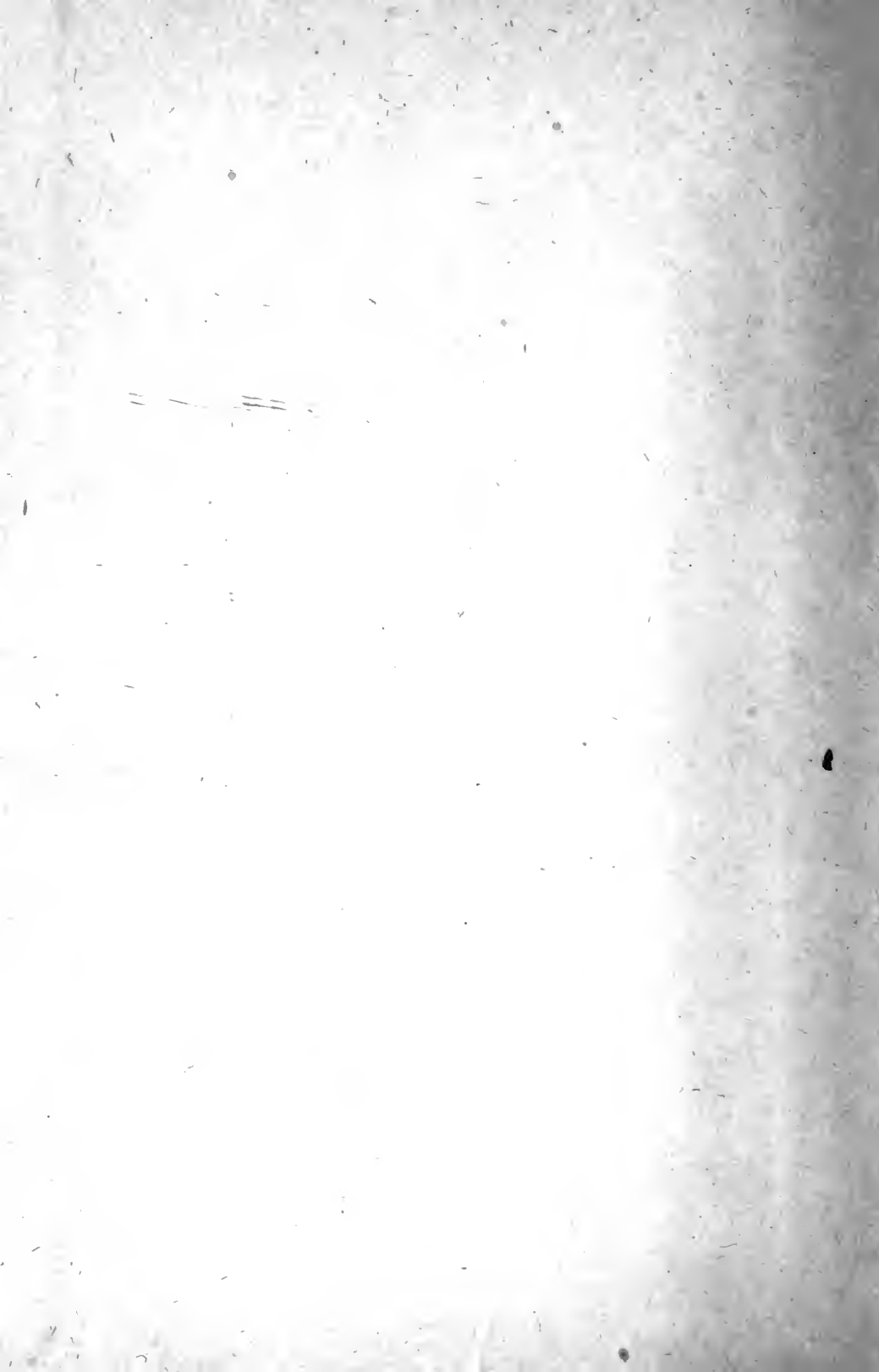
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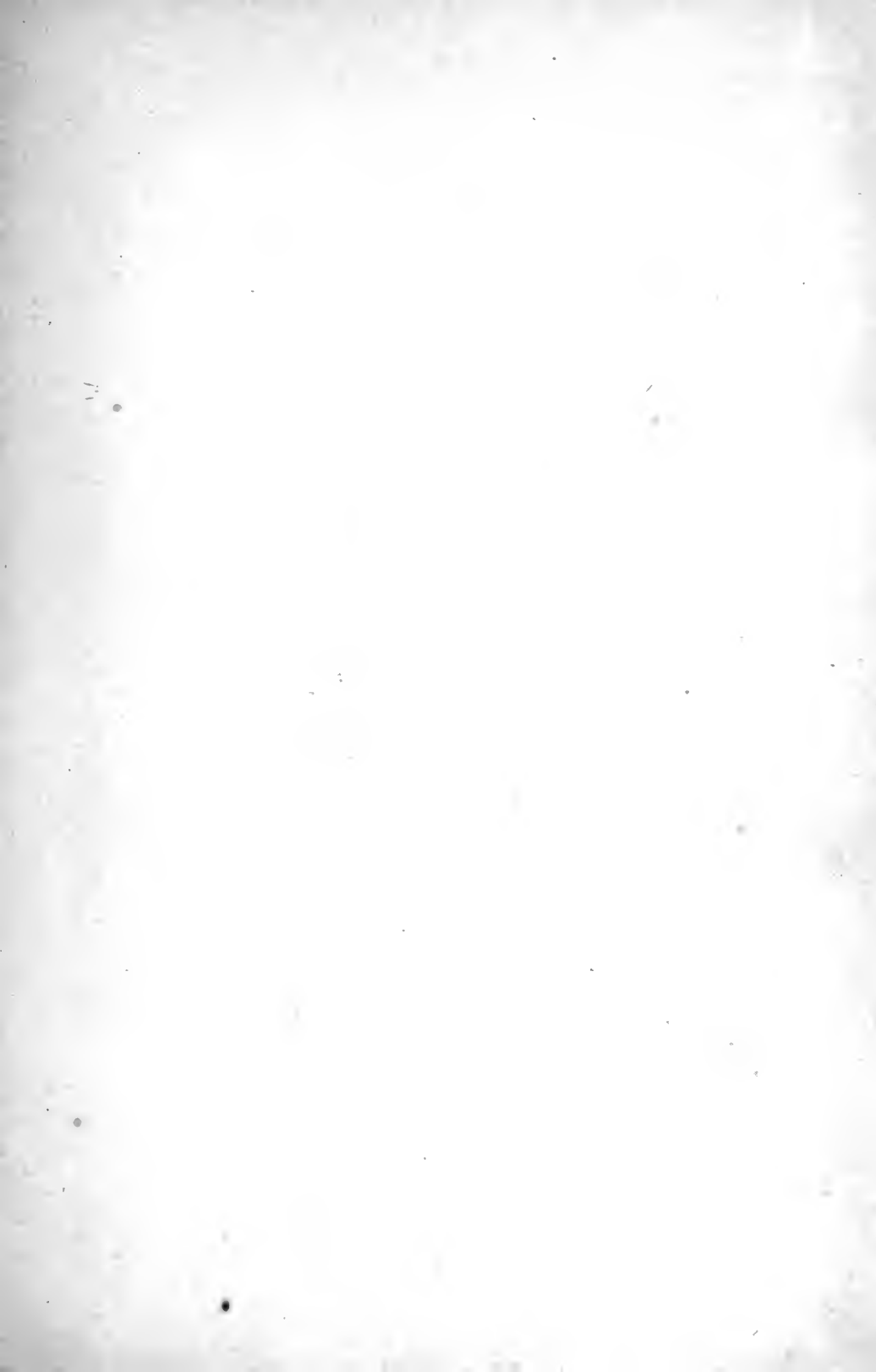
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Barefoot Days

**BAREFOOT DAYS**  
**AND**  
**SUNDOWN SONGS**

**BY RAYMOND HUSE**

*Illustrated*  
*with Photographs*  
*by W. R. Spinney*

**Concord, N. H.**

**1922**

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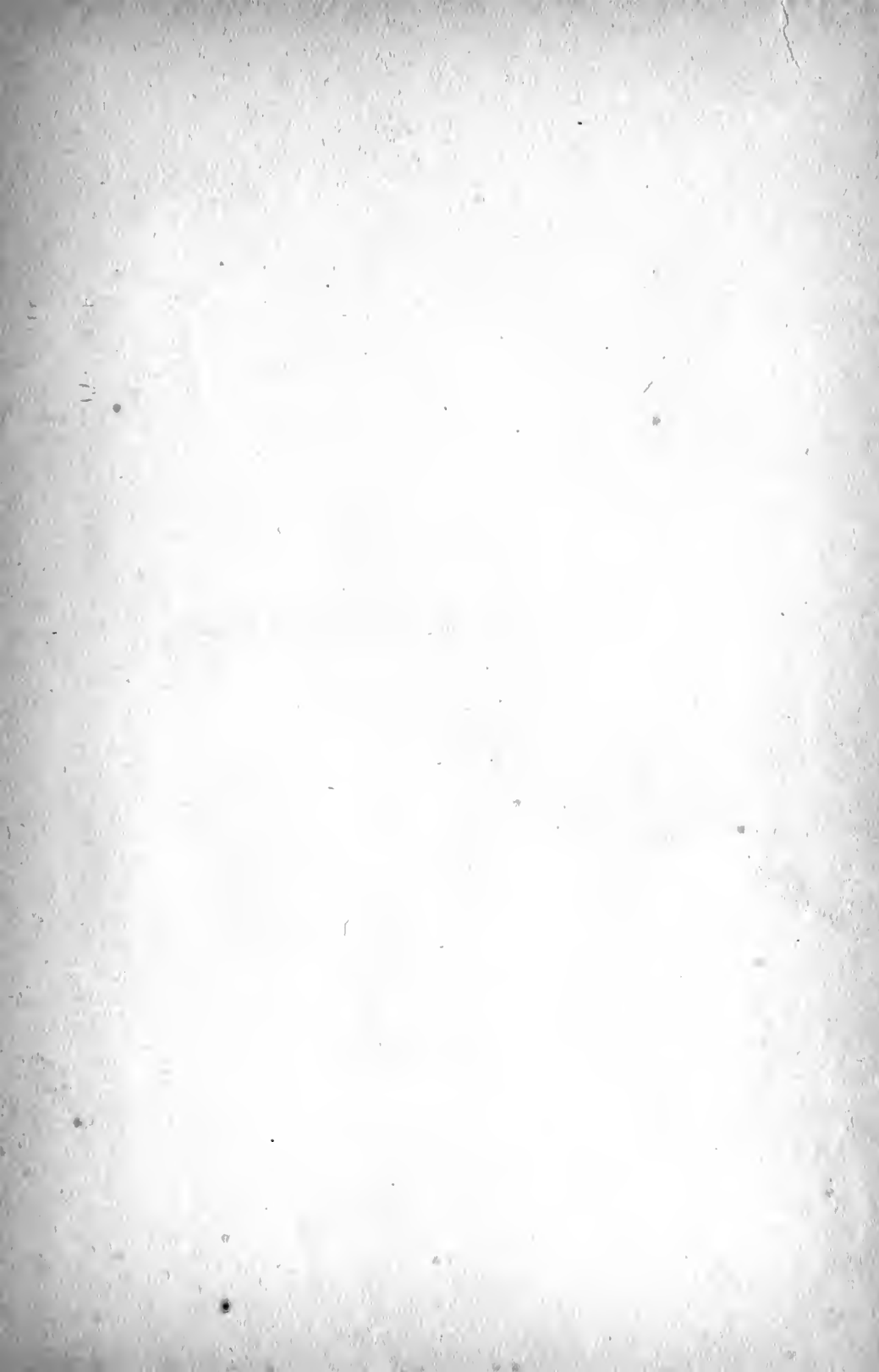
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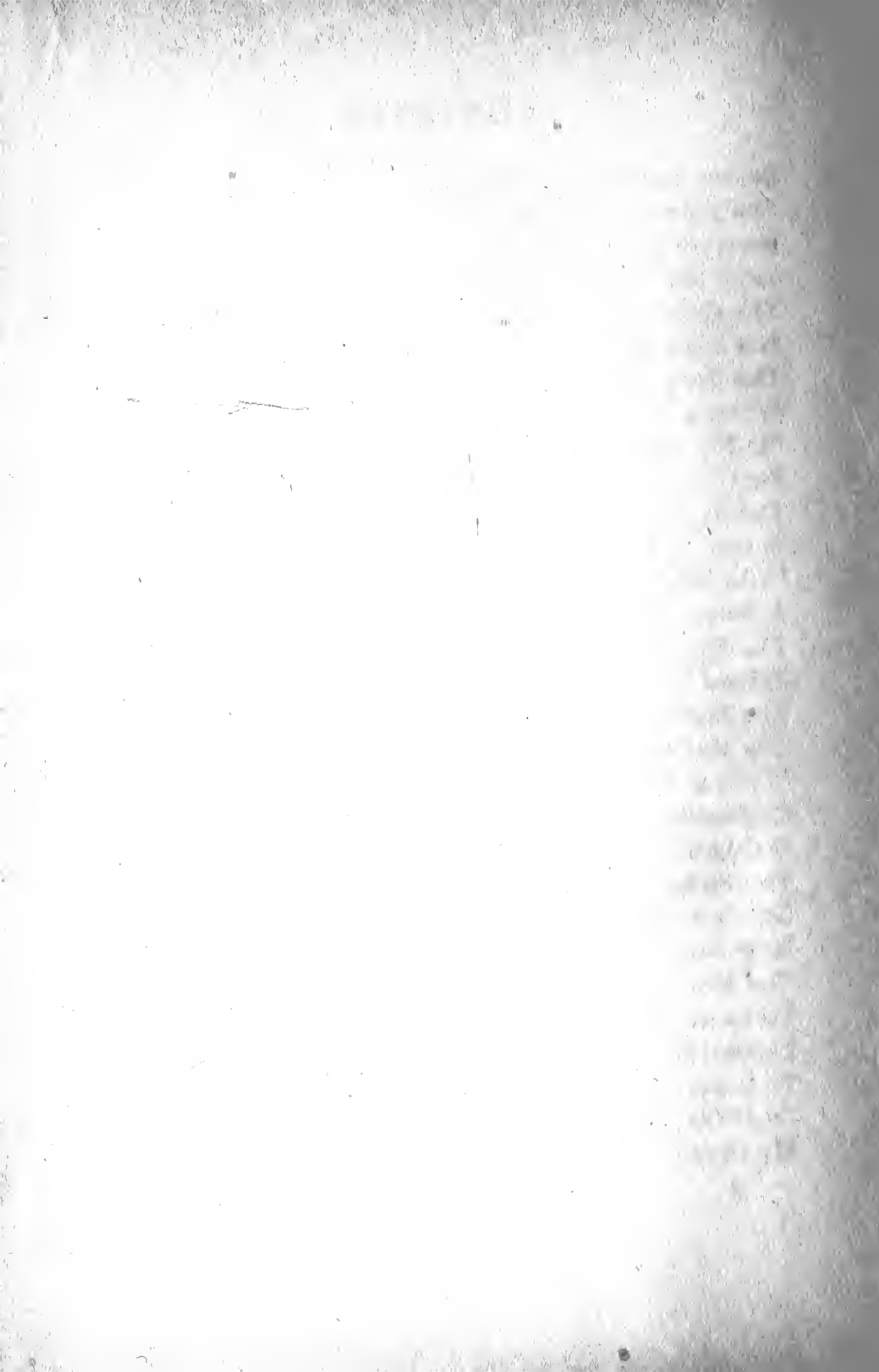
OCT 13 1922

THE RUMFORD PRESS  
CONCORD

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TO  
M. H. H.  
WHOSE LIFE IS A POEM



## SUNSET IS THE TIME FOR SONG

**W**HEN the sun has passed the hilltops,  
And the solemn shadows creep  
Slowly down the purple mountain,  
Then from out the mystic deep  
Of the ocean of the twilight  
Notes of music float along.  
Daylight is the time for action,  
Sunset is the time for song.

## THE LOVE HE HAS FOR ME

TOWARD the heavens, the grand old mountains  
Lift their summits, white with snow.  
'Neath their shadows, grand, majestic,  
Small seem all things here below.  
Higher than the highest mountain,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Purer than the purest fountain  
Is the love He has for me.

Mighty billows of the ocean  
Toss their spray upon the shore,  
And the silent depths beneath them  
Rest serene forevermore,  
Higher than the highest mountain,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Purer than the purest fountain  
Is the love He has for me.

In the dark and shaded woodland,  
Only found by those who look,  
Softly sings the crystal fountain,  
Mother of the laughing brook.  
Higher than the highest mountain,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Purer than the purest fountain  
Is the love He has for me.



## BAREFOOT DAYS

SOME sing of golden days of old,  
Some dream of days to be;  
Of all the days the poets praise  
The barefoot days for me!

When bashful May has slipped away  
And June comes in with blaze,  
The country boy now hails with joy  
The dawn of barefoot days.

His well worn shoes his feet refuse,  
Like some outgrown cocoon,  
They seem to swell and burst their shell,  
These early days of June.

To feel with mirth soft touch of earth  
With feet unshod and free,  
To just forget the brook is wet  
And tumble in to see.

The only bother is your mother,  
So careful of the sheet  
That every night, to keep it white,  
You have to wash your feet.

To her fond hope in cleansing soap  
Tho' grumbling you must yield,  
Tho' half the day you've been at play  
In brooks out in the field.

Nor has she thought how clean each spot  
Of soil on your bare feet,  
No graft or grime or sinful slime,  
Just nature's stains so sweet.

The green of grass where soft winds pass,  
White dust of country roads,  
The splash of rain, wild strawberry stain,  
Cold kiss of hoppy toads.

Such stains of play you wash away  
These summer nights so sweet,  
He that is clean, the Master said,  
Need only wash his feet.

In scenes of heaven, by artists given,  
Upon the golden street,  
The blessed folk all seem to walk  
With happy free bare feet!

It may be then, I'll find again  
In that fair land of praise  
Where fields are green, and roads are clean,  
My long lost barefoot days.

## TAKE ME BACK TO OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE

**T**AKE me back to old New Hampshire,  
Where the hills are clad in green!  
Take me back to old New Hampshire,  
Where each peaceful boyhood scene  
Seems to beckon and to call me  
From the busy city mart,  
To the homestead on the hillside  
That is precious to my heart.

When a barefoot boy I wandered  
In the pasture woods at night,  
Listening for the cowbell's jingle,  
Watching as the fading light  
Of the afterglow of sunset  
Filtered through the wood's deep shade,  
Where the timid hermit thrushes  
Sang their flute song unafraid;  
Then my child-soul felt the nearness  
Of the land where angels are,  
And I thought the Christian's heaven  
Just beyond the evening star.

Now I know I was mistaken,  
It has come to me of late,  
When I heard the thrush at twilight,  
I was then inside the gate.  
For the walls that shut out heaven  
Are not made by fixed decree,  
It is in our souls we build them  
When we are no longer free;  
When our feet, no longer naked,  
Cease to feel the cool, green moss,  
And our souls, as tough as leather,  
Miss the heart-throb of the cross,  
And we join the mad procession,  
With its glitter and its rush,  
That prefers the hurdy-gurdy  
To the vesper of the thrush!

Take me back to old New Hampshire,  
Where the hills are clad in green!  
Take me back to old New Hampshire,  
Where each peaceful boyhood scene  
Seems to beckon and to call me  
From the busy city mart,  
To the homestead on the hillside  
That is precious to my heart.

When, with shining dinner bucket  
And a book or two for show,  
I started for the schoolhouse  
Those Septembers long ago,  
O'er the road by corn fields bordered,  
'Neath the sky, cloud swept and clean,  
While the distant pine-crowned mountains,  
In the background clearly seen,  
Seemed to lure one to the highlands  
To prepare a laddie's thought  
For the wonder of the world lore  
By the patient teacher taught.

O the dreams that like the sunlight  
On the schoolroom's knotty floor  
Made us oft forget the text-books  
While, wide-eyed, we looked before  
To the wondrous purple future,  
Till we heard the teacher say  
We must turn to common fractions  
Or perhaps we'd have to stay  
After school in lone confinement.

She did not know, that faithful teacher,  
In her horror of a dunce,  
Life is full of common fractions,  
*But the dreamtime comes but once.*  
Once, unless we carry with us,  
Flashing in the sunlight's gleams,  
From the schoolhouse by the roadside,  
Life's full dinner-pail of dreams  
Down the roadway to the future.

Take me back to old New Hampshire,  
Where the hills are clad in green!  
Take me back to old New Hampshire,  
Where each peaceful boyhood scene  
Seems to beckon and to call me  
From the busy city mart,  
To the homestead on the hillside  
That is precious to my heart.

## THE GREAT STONE FACE

**S**ILENT sentinel of the hills,  
With reverent awe my spirit thrills,  
Beholding thee!  
The words of wonder I would say  
Are hushed to silence while I pray  
To Him whose own creative thought  
From massive rock thy profile wrought.

## HIS LITTLE BROTHER ON THE HILLSIDE

**B**ESIDE a country roadway,  
By tourist's eye unseen,  
With God's own sky above it,  
Around it pastures green,  
My thoughtful rural neighbor  
Discovered near his "place,"  
Upon some mossy ledges,  
The profile of a face.

The heavy brow is thoughtful,  
Just like the famous other,  
He seems to us who know him  
The "old man's" little brother.  
His face is not so solemn,  
Rebuking human sin.  
His lips in storm and sunshine  
Are parted in a grin.  
He doesn't guard the mountains,  
With their vast stretch of miles,  
But just a patch of pasture;  
So that is why he smiles.





“The Old Man’s Little Brother”  
Located on Branch Hill, Milton, N. H.



I cannot be a prophet  
And speak to coming ages,  
With face like old Elijah  
So dark on history's pages.  
I've just a patch of pasture,  
With God's own sky above it;  
That's why I am so happy;  
I smile because I love it.

One face so marred in feature  
The ages ne'er forget,  
Across the solemn centuries  
Is looking at us yet.  
Christ saw from Calvary's mountain  
Vast vales of human woe,  
He brought to us redemption  
Because He loved us so!

I cannot bear his burden,  
His cup I cannot drink;  
His vision from the mountain  
Is not for me, I think.  
In my small patch of pasture  
I keep my simple tryst,  
Rejoicing that He calls me  
A brother of the Christ.

## THE SONG OF THE HARPER

In the twilight's dusky gloaming,  
In the evening's quiet calm,  
Stood an aged harper, hoary,  
Softly chanting David's psalm.  
Sweet, the music, sweet and lowly,  
Pure, distinctly came each word.  
He was praying, he was singing,  
He was praising David's Lord.

As we gathered close around him,  
As we listened still and long  
To each note of holy music,  
To each burst of sacred song;  
Then he paused in his devotion,  
Then did cease his hymn of praise,  
And he sang so low and softly  
This old lay of ancient days:

### THE SONG

Easter lilies white were blooming,  
Making glad each hearth and home;  
Easter bells were loudly ringing  
From the holy church at Rome.

Far away within the forest,  
Far from dwelling place of men,  
Where the birds make sweetest music,  
Where the lion builds his den,

Stood a little woodland chapel,  
With its belfry and its cross,  
And its old and sacred altar,  
Covered o'er with woody moss.

Ne'er had man stepped in its portals  
Since the ancient days of yore,  
When the silvery haired old hermit  
Watched the people from his door.

And on each successive Sabbath  
Rang the bell so loud and clear,  
That the people came to worship  
From the country far and near.

Now the chapel was deserted,  
E'en at this glad Easter time,  
And the little bell hung silent,  
Though it longed to join the chime.

Soon a change came o'er the landscape,  
Recently so bright and clear,  
And the storm clouds roared and rumbled,  
And the winds blew bleak and drear.

Easter lilies white were broken,  
Making sad each hearth and home;  
Easter bells were harshly clanging,  
No more peace in stately Rome.

Now the storm had reached the forest;  
Beasts all shivered in the wood;  
Trees to ground were falling, crashing,  
Firm the little chapel stood.

Mid the tempest's roar and rumble  
Could be heard a sound so clear  
That it echoed through the forest,  
O'er the country far and near.

For the storm winds loudly blowing  
Swayed the bell now to and fro,  
And the tempest broke its bondage,  
And it rang as long ago.

It was heard above the storm winds,  
Calming creature's fear and dread,  
Ever ringing, ever singing,  
"Christ has risen from the dead."

## WHEN A YOUTH FIRST TAKES TO RHYMING

WHEN a youth first takes to rhyming  
He will sing of broken hearts,  
And the ashes of dead roses,  
And the pathos of lost arts.  
He will write of mournful moonlight;  
He will revel in dark fears,  
As the sophomoric preacher  
Likes the compliment of tears.

But when life has beat against him  
With its tempest and its storm,  
When he has to gather driftwood  
His own hearthstone to keep warm,  
When his own roses, not another's,  
Have been smitten by life's frost,  
When the way to be successful  
Is the art that he has lost;  
Then the law of compensation,  
Given for all evils here,  
Makes him search through earth and heaven  
For the message of good cheer.

Sorrow ceases to be lovely  
When real trouble on him crowds,  
And he learns the art of weaving  
Silver lining for his clouds.  
So the young poets sit weeping,  
Just apart from scenes of mirth,  
And the old ones brim with laughter,  
Helping God cheer up his earth.



## “IF MY UNCLE SAMMY CALLS ME”\*

The Song of the Drafted Man, 1917

I LIVE in good old Boston,  
I have business, home and friends,  
But when the flag of freedom  
To me its summons sends,  
I'll not invent a reason  
Why I should answer, “No.”  
If my Uncle Sammy calls me  
I will go.

I've a mother and a sweetheart  
Who watched the draft with fears,  
But when I was selected  
They smiled behind their tears.  
They said, “Old Glory calls you,  
You will not answer ‘No,’  
If your Uncle Sammy wants you  
You must go.”

\* The first man to receive notice in Boston that he was selected by the draft, a musician, said: “If my Uncle Sammy calls me I will go.”

So I laid aside my banjo  
And the peaceful ways of home,  
With pride I donned the khaki  
The great wide world to roam.  
And if I fall in battle,  
I want the world to know,  
If my Uncle Sammy calls me  
I will go.

Oh, the iron cross is rusty  
And the iron crown is old,  
The kings and tyrants tremble  
And the kaiser's feet are cold;  
The stars and stripes are coming,  
And defeat they never know,  
And my Uncle Sammy calls me  
And I go.

## JUST A COTTAGE BY THE ROADSIDE

(1918)

**J**UST a cottage by the roadside  
Battered by the storms of time,  
Just a window in that cottage  
Where the morning-glories climb  
Over panes that loosely rattle,  
Frames that warp and bend and sag,  
But behind the dew-kissed blossoms  
Can be seen a service flag.

And that little wayside cottage,  
Glorified by that lone star,  
Like a lighthouse by the ocean  
Sends its beams of light afar;  
In the storm the good ship, Freedom,  
Where the wild waves fiercely chafe  
On the ragged rocks of danger,  
Sees that light—and she is safe!

# THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD HOME IN WAR TIME

(1918)

**H**E drives the cows himself tonight  
O'er pastures brown and green,  
'Neath sunset skies aglow with light  
While night hawks fly between.  
The boy who used to drive them down  
And sometimes make them prance,  
Now in a suit of olive brown  
Is driving foes from France.

His father who, to tell the truth,  
Is older than he vows,  
Is camouflaging long lost youth  
And driving home the cows.  
It seems to him but yesterday  
A little barefoot boy,  
With garments tattered from his play  
And face aglow with joy,  
Was walking, talking by his side  
So many tales to tell  
He had to hush him, while he tried  
To hear the distant bell.

He sees again his sudden fright  
At whirr of partridge wings,  
Recalls again his grave delight  
With every bird that sings;  
Remembers how when from the track  
He strayed upon a thistle  
He winked his childish tear-drops back  
And started up a whistle.

And when at last he reached the gate,  
His pride and joy complete,  
To see his mother smiling wait  
Her grown-up son to greet,  
He boasted how he now could keep  
From her all lurking harms,  
But when that night he went to sleep  
He slept within her arms.  
Ah, those were days so safe and glad  
We scarce can think them true,  
Before the world had grown so sad,  
When summer skies were blue!

He drives the cows himself tonight  
But thanks his gracious God  
That should he fall in perilous fight  
And sleep 'neath foreign sod,  
The boy God gave him, clean and true  
As heroes famed in story,  
Had helped to carry the red, white and blue  
To victory and to glory!

And though tonight he falls asleep  
On fields with carnage red,  
Where angel armies vigil keep  
Above the hero dead,  
I'm sure that he is just as safe  
As when by Mother's knee  
For God who made us love him so  
Must love him more than we!

## SUNSET AT VINCENT ROCK

SUNSET at Vincent Rock,  
And God's voice speaks to me  
From trees that stand the tempest's shock,  
From winds that blow untamed and free,  
From silent shade where dripping ferns  
Now bend their graceful form in prayer,  
My heart once more its lesson learns  
And feels God's presence everywhere.

Twilight beneath the pines,  
Hushed is the tumult of the day,  
The evening star in splendor shines  
To guide the traveler on his way—  
The way that leads up through the night  
To where the gates of life unfold  
And earth-blind eyes receive their sight,  
Beyond the sunset sea of gold.

Before us lies the year,  
With many a load of care  
And many a cross to make us fear.  
We lift our hearts in prayer;  
O thou, whose peace we feel this hour,  
We would not stray from Thee;  
Go with us, let Thy keeping power  
Our constant bulwark be—  
Our bulwark and our song beside,  
For we would take from here  
A peace and gladness that abides  
Throughout the storm-swept year.

And when the twilight of our life  
    Shall still our pilgrim feet  
And all its stress and all its strife  
    And all the daytime and its heat  
Shall cool to silence and to night,  
    As cools this summer day,  
O Rock, more sure than this one here,  
    Be with us then, we pray.  
Light up the home-path with thy stars,  
    Lest we should lose our way,  
Let down the sunset's crimson bars,  
    And take us in to stay.

(Vincent Rock is a huge boulder on the wooded hillside at Hedding, New Hampshire, at which sunset vesper services are held each summer.)



## “OLD HEDDING”

**G**ONE are the days when the fathers worshipped  
here,  
Gone are the saints to memory so dear,  
But we are the sons and daughters of the sires  
Come, Lord, and make our alters glow with old-time  
fires.

Chorus—

Old Hedding, Old Hedding,  
Salvation's camping ground;  
Oh, let thy pines ring out once more,  
Thy joyful sound.

Still human hearts are hungering for peace,  
For world-weary souls the struggle ne'er will cease,  
Till at the Master's feet we lay our burdens down,  
With old-time victories of faith our conflicts crown.

Chorus—

Soon, for us all, will end the battle shout,  
One by one, we are being mustered out,  
At home with the Lord, we will dwell forevermore,  
And meets the saints of Hedding, now gone on  
before.

Chorus—

(This is sung to the tune of “Old Black Joe” at Hedding  
Camp Meeting, Hedding, N. H., each summer.)

## A SUNDAY SCHOOL RALLY DAY RHYME

A YEAR ago, about this time,  
I answered to my name in rhyme,  
And so this season once again,  
I seized my rusty poet's pen.  
When suddenly to me did seem  
To come a vision or a dream.  
An angel came through gloomy night,  
And filled my little room with light,  
While in his hand he held a rule.  
"I've come to measure," he said, "your school;  
For up in Heaven it must be known  
How much your school this year has grown."

"All right," I said, "the church unlock  
And look at Brother Sanborn's clock.\*  
'Tis written on its face with chalk  
And one has said that figures talk.  
Or better still just take a look  
At our secretary's book.  
'Tis figured there without distraction,  
Down to the smallest common fraction."

\* A clock that recorded the attendance.

The angel slowly shook his head,  
And in a gentle tone he said,  
"Up in Heaven it must be known  
How much each scholar here has grown."  
"O yes," I said, "I think each scholar  
Is growing bigger and growing taller.  
There's Doris Hayes and Florence Knight,  
Growing to little women quite,  
And Myron Pickering, fast's he can,  
Is growing up to be a man.  
I think you'll find that each child here  
Has grown an inch or two this year.

But once again he shook his head,  
And in a gentle voice he said,  
His radiant face toward mine now turned,  
"I mean how much has each one learned?"  
"Oh, as to that, I can't quite tell,  
But some of us now know full well,  
Rehoboam, Jeroboam, Elijah,  
Ahab, Jezebel, Abijah,  
Elisha, Naaman, Ahaziah,  
Jehoida, Joash, Athaliah,  
And other lights of lesser fame  
We know by sign if not by name."

But once again he shook his head,  
And in a gentle voice he said,  
Now holding up his golden rule,  
“Is it for that you came to school,  
To learn of prophets, queens and kings,  
To learn of folks and dates and things?  
Up in heaven it must be known  
How much each scholar here has grown,  
In patience, love and Christian grace.”  
“Ah, well,” I said, “if that’s the case,  
You’ll have to fold your wings and roam  
And spend a day in each one’s home.  
This fact I’m sure you can learn there,  
As you cannot in house of prayer.”

“Amen!” he said, “and so adieu.”  
And saying that away he flew,  
And then so swiftly went away,  
And back to realms of endless day.  
Be sure you’re kind and good and true,  
When he comes to spend the day with you.

(Written for the roll call at Sanbornville, N. H., 1904.)

## THE DRUNKARD'S DREARY HOME

(Tune—My Old Kentucky Home. Written for the W.C.T.U.)

**T**HE sun shines dim on the drunkard's dreary home;  
'Tis winter, the father's away.  
No fire in the hearth, no cheer in the room,  
Just a sob from the cradle all the day.  
The children cry both from hunger and from dread,  
The mother no comfort can give.  
Her heart is glad for the little one now dead  
While she mourns for others who still live.

Chorus—

Weep on, then, my sisters,  
Oh weep and work and pray  
Till you wash the stain  
From the flag with your tears  
And the drunkard's dreary home pass away.

Once they were rich in affection and in joy,  
She waited his footsteps at night;  
He came from work as happy as a boy  
To the fireside's welcome, warm and bright.  
The babe she held for his eager fond embrace;  
But now when his footsteps she hears,  
She hastens to hide the children from his face,  
And her smile is sadder than her tears.

Chorus—

Her sobs are heard by the women o'er the land,  
They're planning and praying today;  
And now strong men as helpers with them stand  
And the grog shop's power must pass away.  
A few more years and the city will be dry,  
The State and the Nation besides;  
The children then will cease their bitter cry  
And the mother's weary tears be dried.

Chorus—

Sing on, then my sisters,  
Oh sing and hope and pray,  
Till the flag we love is as pure as God above,  
And the drunkard's dreary home pass away.

(This was written before the enactment of the eighteenth amendment, but is inserted here "lest we forget.")

## BEHIND THE SCENES

(Lines suggested by the death of Mrs. S. F. Upham.)

**B**RAVE old Moses in the limelight,  
Battling for the truth and right,  
Had a mother in the shadows,  
Patient, faithful, out of sight,  
Pouring out her life to teach him  
How to be so strong and brave,  
Breathing in the soul that made him  
Lift the downtrod and the slave.

Wendell Phillips, thank God for him  
And his brave, victorious strife!  
But the power that held and kept him  
Was his patient, shut-in wife.  
She whose happy eyes were proudest  
When he stood alone for truth,  
"Tell him not to shilly-shally,"  
Said this lover of his youth.

White-plumed leader of the nation  
Hastens from his life of care  
To the bedside in Ohio,  
"Tell my mother I'll be there."  
Thus McKinley let his heart speak,  
And the listening nation knew  
That his mother's faith and ideals  
Helped to keep him clean and true.

Gilbert Haven went to glory  
In a blaze of heavenly light,  
But the star that led him onward  
Through the darkness of the night  
Was the memory of Mary,  
Many years beneath the sod,  
Was the loyal love for Mary,  
Many years up there with God.



Samuel Upham, brave old hero  
Of New England's fighting stock,  
With convictions, firm established,  
Like his native Plymouth rock,  
Sending out the sons of thunder,  
With their hearts and brains aflame  
With the message of the gospel,  
And the power of Jesus' name;  
But amid his greatest triumphs  
With affection he would glance  
For the look of glad approval  
Of the mistress of the manse.  
She, the mother of the prophets,  
She, his household's quiet queen,  
In the shadows, patient, faithful,  
There with God, the great Unseen.

When the Lord makes up his jewels  
In the morning soon to be,  
Not the brightest and the rarest  
Will be there whose names we see  
Blazened out in flaming letters  
Upon history's scroll of fame,  
But the quiet souls behind them,  
When the Lord and Angels name.

## THE FIGHTING BISHOP\*

**I**N the thickest of the conflict,  
With the bullets singing past,  
There he stood, our fighting Bishop,  
Sounding out his bugle blast.

If sometimes some hearts were weary  
Of his summons loud and shrill,  
All around the camp is lonely,  
Now his ringing notes are still.

But for him the rest is blessed,  
For he loved the ways of peace,  
And his face was toward the sunrise  
Of the land where battles cease.

And although we oft have heard him  
Sound the bugle, loud and sharp,  
Yet we think the word was welcome:  
"Change thy trumpet for a harp."

\* In memory of Bishop W. F. Mallalieu of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

## THE HARPERS I HEAR AT SUNSET

**F**AITHFUL John on Patmos Island,  
On the Sabbath day of old,  
Heard the bands of heavenly harpers  
Playing on their harps of gold.

And sometimes, I've thought at sunset,  
When the western sky was calm,  
I could hear them softly playing  
On some resurrection psalm.

When a boy I'm sure I heard them,  
As the evening shadows crept  
Down the purple mountain forests,  
And I laid me down and slept.

And as years go by so swiftly,  
And life's shadows gather round,  
And life's sunset glows before me,  
Oft again I hear them sound.

And my ear, unskilled in music,  
Knows not of their notes and sharps,  
But my heart, so hot and restless,  
Feels the message of their harps.

I can see them, in my vision,  
Standing by the crystal sea  
Playing, as in mighty anthems,  
Everlasting harmony.

Not all gladness is their music,  
Like some songs we sing on earth,  
When we try to drown our heartache,  
In our merriment and mirth.

There's a minor note of sadness  
In the anthem that they play,  
Like the sorrow of a mother  
When her child is far away.

But far sweeter is the music  
With that note of sorrow there,  
And more healing to my spirit,  
With its fevered pain and care.

And the notes of joy and gladness  
Swell out loud and sweet and clear,  
Like the birds returned in springtime  
With their songs of life and cheer.

And I say, when life is restless  
With its problems and its care,  
"Well, no matter how the earth is,  
It's all bright and clear up there."

“Where the harpers of the sunset  
Play their never ceasing song,  
Of the final, mighty triumph  
Over darkness, sin and wrong.”

Storms sweep over the horizon,  
Earthquakes, pestilence and flame  
Come to earth, and men go downward  
In defeat and sin and shame ;

But the music never ceases  
Up there by the isles of balm,  
And the harpers, never weary,  
Play their resurrection psalm.

Storm tossed, fretful, tired and weary,  
Sometimes now I face the west ;  
Then I hear the harpers harping,  
Calm in everlasting rest.

And my spirit soon is quiet,  
'Neath the burden and the rod ;  
For I know the harpers ever  
Do behold the face of God.

And because of that, their music  
Never ceases, day and night;  
For up there by walls of jasper,  
They can see His throne is white!

While I only tread the valley  
Rained upon by many tears,  
Darkened by the clouds of sorrow,  
Disappointment, loss and fears,

And I cannot see the vision  
Of the Father's cloudless face,  
On the mountain they are singing;  
I am stumbling at its base.

But some day, I'll see a harper  
Of that band now gone before us,  
Bringing me an invitation  
To come up and join the chorus!

So with all my heart I listen  
While the shadows gather 'round,  
And the sunset gilds the hill tops  
For the harper's peaceful sound.

That not strange may seem the music  
When the pearly gates unfold,  
And I take my place among them,  
Up there by the streets of gold!

Sing on, then, ye heavenly harpers,  
Standing in the heavenly place,  
Glad and calm because you ever  
Look upon the Father's face.

And the throne of God before you  
Shines above the isles of balm,  
Sing on harpers of the sunset,  
Sing your resurrection psalm!

And my heart, so sad and weary  
From the age-long power of wrong,  
At the sunset time shall listen,  
Strive to learn your triumph song;

While the western sky is crimson,  
And the western hills are gold,  
And the harpers still are playing  
As they played in days of old!

## “I WANT MY FATHER”

**W**HEN school had closed in early summer,  
Vacation time arrived with glee;  
My Grandma wrote her usual letter,  
“Now send the boy to stay with me.”  
My Grandma lived in the country,  
Her cottage home was quaint and gray,  
A great oak tree stood guard beside it,  
'Twas just the place for boys to play!

I left behind the dusty city  
For God's own country, clean and sweet,  
And kicking off my shoes and stockings,  
I wandered out with free, bare feet  
Through fields and woods of soft pine needles;  
While ox-eyed daisies, khaki clad,  
Would gravely nod their cordial greeting,  
And smile upon the barefoot lad.  
I lived in comradeship fraternal  
With squirrels, birds and clouds and sky.  
Thoreau, the sweet-souled Concord pagan,  
Was not so much at home as I.



But when at last the week had ended,  
To fill my childish cup with joy,  
My father came to spend the Sabbath  
Out with his mother and his boy.  
For thirty years my sad-faced father  
Has been beyond the gates empearled,  
But if by God's own grace assisting  
I come at last to that fair world,  
If he will give me there one Sabbath  
Like those at Grandma's used to be,  
I'm sure, whatever else is lacking,  
That will be paradise for me.

We lay upon the grass together,  
I showed him all my home-made toys,  
While Grandma hustled in the kitchen  
To get a dinner for her boys.  
And noon with hazy Sabbath stillness  
Was mantling field and dale and hill  
With sacred hush like that in heaven,  
When for half an hour 'twas still!

But all glad days must have their twilight,  
And when the evening shadows fell,  
My father went back to the city;  
And as he kissed me his farewell  
And climbed into a neighbor's wagon  
My world turned into ashes gray;  
My boyish heart became so lonely,  
The "soul of summer slipped away."

I hear again the horse and wagon  
Receding through the evening gloom,  
I see again the lonely outlines  
Of my Grandma's lonely room.  
While without the mournful crickets  
Their evening vespers sadly kept,  
I fear it tells not half the story  
To say the homesick laddie wept.  
For one may weep in sobful silence  
That passes like the breath of noon.  
I howled out like a dog at midnight  
Baying at the mournful moon.

My Grandma (bless her pious memory!)  
Would try some words of cheer to give,  
And mix them with an exhortation  
Upon the proper way to live.  
She told me I was acting foolish;  
(And I have learned since that sad day  
That some folks think it quite religious  
To comfort mourning ones that way!)  
"Why, here's your cart and here your playthings,  
And in the pasture 'cross the way,  
There are quarts of huckleberries,  
And you may pick them every day."

But, oh, the spot that ached within me  
Could not with things be satisfied,  
I wanted only my own father,  
For him alone my child-heart cried.  
And when a laddie wants his father  
As deep as any want can be,  
For all the berries in creation  
And all the playthings—what cares he?

St. Augustine, the old theologian,  
Said in some lines that come to me:  
“O God, 'tis for thyself Thou madest us,  
And until we find in Thee,  
The Rest, we are forever restless.”  
Our Father God, hear us we pray,  
And when the shadows fall at even,  
Still with us in life's cottage stay,  
For all the charms of earth do mock us,  
Our playthings fail to satisfy;  
“I want my Father, my own Father.”  
Our homesick hearts forever cry

## CONFESSIONS OF A WAYSIDE WANDERER

I ADMIRE the prosperous farmer  
And his well-tilled fruitful field,  
And the way he makes Old Nature  
Bounteous harvests for him yield.

And in youth they tried to show me  
How to wield the rake and hoe,  
And to teach me agriculture  
Such as every man should know.

But I've long ago forgotten  
All the useful things they said,  
For the blood that flows within me  
Is the Indian kind instead.

Much as I admire the cornfield  
And the garden truck and such,  
I confess September blossoms  
Please my vision just as much.

Not the kind that grow in gardens,  
Standing stiffly in a row,  
But the wild things in the pasture,  
Growing where they want to grow,

Watered by the dews each morning,  
Smiled upon by Father Sol,  
Close to Him whose gracious spirit  
Is the all within the all.



The Wayside Wanderer



Goldenrod, the sweet wild aster,  
And closed gentian by the brook,  
Spattered like colored illustrations  
On kind Nature's open book.

These fine lawns within the city,  
Barbered by a sharp machine,  
Stiff and stately like a carpet,  
I like them because they're green.

I confess that I like better  
Tangled patches by the wall,  
Where no blundering human gardener  
Interferes with God at all,

Where the blackberry vines run riot,  
Or some useless winsome weed,  
Like a humble rural rhymster,  
Blossoms, fades and goes to seed.

Stately parks by benefactors  
All endowed and primly fixed,  
Where some careful landscape-gardener  
All the season's wealth has mixed,

And arranged in plans artistic,  
Have their place in life, I know,  
For where else could starched nurse maidens,  
And policemen have to go?

But as for me, the woods primeval,  
With their reverent twilight hush,  
Where no fussy man with hatchet  
Has cleaned out the underbrush,

And dry twigs crack beneath you  
As you make your way along,  
And the partridge drums defiant,  
And you hear the wild thrush song!

So the farmers think I'm lazy  
As in fruitful fields they work,  
And the town-folk think I'm crazy,  
While in shaded spots I lurk.

As they shake their heads efficient,  
Pitying my strange taste, meanwhile,  
Something in my soul keeps singing,  
I look up to God and smile.



## O GOD OF QUIET WOODLANDS

O GOD of quiet woodlands,  
Apart from life's mad rush,  
Beneath whose shade forever  
Devotion's twilight hush  
Subdues the fevered spirit  
To restful trust and prayer!  
O God of quiet woodlands,  
Art Thou, too, everywhere?

Upon a peaceful hillside,  
Around me solitude,  
'Tis easy, like old Moses,  
To say, "The Lord is good";  
But down there in the valley  
Whose streets are hot with care,  
O God of dark cool forests,  
Wilt Thou go with me there?

I much prefer to linger  
Where mountain breezes sweep  
O'er stretches vast and silent,  
Where pine trees vigil keep,  
But on the path that lures me  
Back to the noise and soil,  
Christ's footprints I discover,  
So I go back to toil!

(Written for the close of vacation.)

## THE FOLKS WHO STAY AT HOME

(For Old Home Day, Concord, 1921. Dedicated to H. H. M.)

**W**HEN a man goes from New Hampshire  
To some Main Street in the West,  
And out there wins fame and fortune,  
Takes his place among the best;  
Then his neighbors and acquaintance,  
Like to talk about his fame;

Orators on each Old Home Day  
Speak with glowing praise, his name.  
While I would not pluck a blossom  
From the wreath of those who roam,  
Yet I choose to sing the glory  
Of the folks who stay at home.

There are farmers in New Hampshire  
Plowing on these rugged fields,  
Who, if they were on the prairies,  
Where Old Nature harvests yields  
Out of all direct proportion  
To the labor or the brains  
Of the folks who wield the sickle,  
And who count their greedy gains,  
Would be rich as fabled Croesus,  
But who now can scarcely hoard  
Cash enough to pay the upkeep,  
Of a modest little Ford.

From their homes upon the hillside  
They look down in calm content,  
Walk the paths in field and pasture  
Where their goodly fathers went;  
Clean of mind, and strong of spirit,  
They don't care about life's frills,  
Just so they can see the sunset,  
Over old New Hampshire's hills.

There are lawyers in New Hampshire,  
Just old-fashioned country Squires,  
Daily tramping on the notion  
That all legal lights are liars,  
Drawing wills and signing papers,  
Seeing what old Blackstone said,  
Who, if they had emigrated,  
Would be Congressmen instead;  
But they live in their frame dwellings,  
Fronting on the village green,  
Full content, if from their windows  
On a clear day can be seen  
Washington, or some old mountain,  
Piled against the cloud-swept sky,  
Full content in old New Hampshire  
Quietly to live and die.

There are preachers in New Hampshire,  
Riding over rugged hills,  
Bronzed in summer by the sunshine,  
Sharpened by the winter chills,  
Telling out the old evangel  
To a little scattered few,  
Wearing clothes as old as Adam,  
Preaching sermons fresh and new,  
Who if they had followed early  
Horace Greeley's call "Go West,"  
Might be filling city pulpits,  
Bishoprics and all the rest.  
Now, their only compensation  
Is to tread their native sod,  
Living on their meditations,  
With their golden dreams—and God.

There are women in New Hampshire,  
Like wild roses in the dew,  
Giving all their wondrous sweetness  
To a faithful little few,  
Who, if they had been transplanted  
When the buds began to burst,  
In the world's great flower contest,  
Would have taken prize the first.  
Now, instead, they wash the dishes,  
Run the Ladies' Aid and Church,  
Wield in many a rural schoolhouse  
Modern substitutes for birch,  
But they see each year the crimson  
Steal adown the mountain side,  
And they keep their sense of wonder,  
And their souls are satisfied.

“Why then,” asks the modern booster,  
With his table and his chart,  
“Did these people not get busy  
And go out and take their part  
In this world's broad field of battle  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,  
Be a hero in the strife?  
Why were they content to simply  
Live their dwarfed and stunted lives,  
And to never know the glory  
Of the pilgrim who arrives?”

Just because like some old elm tree,  
Lifting leafy hands to God,  
Undisturbed by storm or axeman,  
They are rooted in the sod.  
There is something in our mountains,  
There is something in our streams,  
More potent than the wanderlust,  
More lovely than our dreams,  
And if they should start to journey  
Westward o'er the beaten track,  
That Old Man among the mountains  
Silently would woo them back;  
He, the guardian of New Hampshire,  
Sober, wistful, full content,  
Made by God on that fresh morning  
When He made the firmament,  
As a kind of plan and pattern  
Of the men He had in mind,  
Men who would not need to wander  
True success and peace to find.

And perhaps on Life's great payday,  
With the books of God unsealed,  
We shall see that reapers' wages  
Are not reckoned by the field,  
And that they who gleaned the corners  
Share the Master's glad "Well done,"  
Equally with those whose labors  
Won a place within the sun.

Anyhow on this Old Home Day,  
Songs of praise I choose to give  
To New Hampshire's sons and daughters,  
Who to-day serenely live,  
Where the Merrimack's gentle waters  
Carry tidings to the tide,  
With the peaceful vales beside them  
And the mountains that abide.  
While I would not pluck a blossom  
From the wreath of those who roam,  
Yet I chose to sing the glory  
Of the folks who stay at home.

## GOSSIP FROM BIRDLAND

(To H. F. L.)

**T**HE blue jay is a handsome bird,  
He sports a suit of blue,  
He bosses all the other birds  
The whole wide woodland through;  
He struts about and flaps his wings  
As though he were a king,  
But shows plebeian ancestry  
When he begins to sing.  
His harsh shrill notes as they sound out  
Just give his case away,  
And all who hear him soon perceive  
He's nothing but a jay!

His friend, the owl, who lives near by,  
Is just as crude as he,  
But sits in solemn silence there  
Upon the old oak tree.  
He looks so wise as he peers out  
From eyes in daylight dim,  
That all the birds as they pass by  
Take off their hats to him.  
And every mother bird around  
Instructs her little fowl  
To learn his lessons and grow wise  
Like good old Father Owl.



The modest thrush is seldom seen  
Upon the public square,  
But in the shadows of his home  
He makes his music rare.  
The Thrushes all are cultured folk,  
But never make a show,  
Their dress though neat, is modest brown,  
And you would never know  
That they could buy out Mr. Jay;  
And quiet laughs of glee  
They can't restrain when e'er they think,  
Of Father Owl's oak tree.

So things with birds are much the same  
As 'neath the gilded dome,  
The Jays and Owls run politics,  
The Thrushes stay at home  
And criticize in silver tones  
Around their quiet dinners.  
In sight of Him who owns the woods,  
Who are the biggest sinners?

## HOW GOD CAN MAKE THE GOLDENROD

**H**OW God can make the goldenrod  
Grow up from such a soil,  
When all our human gardeners  
Must plan and sweat and toil  
To make their gardens blossom  
And make their flowers grow,  
Is one of Nature's secrets  
That I should like to know.

A bald and sandy barren field  
That hardly will grow weeds,  
Like that ground in the parable  
Where fell the wayside seeds!  
A tiny desert, just a patch  
Of stunted burnt up sod!  
God smiles on it with summertime  
And lo, the goldenrod! .

A flower so fine and delicate,  
That anyone would think  
It came from richest garden soil,  
And had been wont to drink  
From spraying fountains all its days,  
Instead of passing showers.  
From its wild childhood it becomes  
The prince of all the flowers.

We study hard to understand  
The wondrous laws of God,  
And then he baffles all our pride  
With fields of goldenrod,  
And Lincoln splitting rails, with fame  
Makes all the ages ring  
And He who came from Nazareth  
Makes all the angels sing.

## THE MUSIC OF THE COWBELLS

I'M not much at going to concerts  
Where you pay high for your seat,  
And pretend you are familiar  
With the musical elite;  
Where the high-toned singers warble,  
Trying hard to beat the birds,  
While they keep you dumbly guessing  
At the meaning of their words.

But one special kind of music  
Needs no words its song to tell,  
'Tis the tintinnabulation  
Of the sweet toned old cowbell.  
You may smile, then you haven't heard it  
Under circumstances right.

Course there's no great music in it  
When it jangles through the night  
In some so-called celebration  
Or a midnight serenade  
Of a newly married couple,  
And it wasn't ever made  
For a substitute for sleighbells!  
That is going against all art,  
Like an elephant that is harnessed  
To a fairy pony cart.

But you take a summer Sabbath  
When you try God's day to keep  
In the good old rural fashion,  
And go out to salt your sheep,  
All around you is the stillness  
Of the summer afternoon.  
Then from out some woodsy valley  
There come floating pretty soon,  
Softened by the stretch of distance,  
Notes that somehow seem to suit  
Day and place, mood and occasion.  
Musical as any flute,  
Mixed with locusts' calls and crickets  
And the crows' attempt at song.  
If you don't think that real music  
With your ear there's something wrong.

Once, when in a distant city,  
I was walking, tired and sad,  
Down the street there drove the ragman,  
And he had what they all had,  
As a badge of his profession,  
Cowbells strung across the rear  
Of his rattley old wagon;  
Just as soon as he came near,  
My mind took a swift, far journey,  
Over miles of hill and plain,  
Over years of busy lifetime,  
To the good old pasture land  
Where, when summer suns were setting  
In the twilight's fading light,  
As a barefoot country school-boy,  
I drove home the cows at night.  
And ere stars had all been lighted  
In the summer skies so deep,  
In my plain unvarnished chamber  
I had fallen to care-free sleep.

So I tell you, that's great music  
That can make a man forget  
Where he is and what he's doing;  
I haven't found a concert yet  
That can do that quite so well  
As the tintinnabulation  
Of the sweet toned old cowbell.

All this makes me sometimes wonder  
If what we call heavenly grace  
Won't be simply rearranging,  
Putting each thing in its place,  
And the humble and the ugly,  
All except the wilful wrong,  
Will look different when the Artist  
Or the Maker of the song  
Gets them in the right surroundings  
Where they have a chance to shine,  
Piles around the human cowbells  
Pasture hills and woods of pine.

## TREES AS MEN

UPON a ragged pasture ledge  
I watched the wild, September rain;  
It fell upon the shivering woods,  
It splashed upon the lonesome lane.  
The friendly hills were shrowded all,  
A veil of mist upon each head;  
I heard it whispered everywhere  
That gentle Summertime was dead.

The stern gray pine before it stiffened,  
The gentle maple wept and swayed,  
The elm tree bowed in stately sorrow,  
As one of tempests unafraid,  
As one accustomed to the stress  
And ravage of the winter storm,  
But reached her graceful branches out  
To keep her frailer neighbors warm.

The sturdy oak refused to tremble,  
But braced himself against the shock,  
And stretched his rugged roots far out  
And laid firm hold upon a rock.  
And as I came in from the storm  
I saw reversed once again  
The ancient wonder, and beheld  
The forest trees as walking men.



## TASTING BOOKS

“Some books are to be tasted.”—Bacon.

**L**ONGFELLOW tastes like raspberry sherbet,  
Whose flavor is like a dream;  
And Whittier tastes like Indian pudding,  
With apples and golden cream;  
And Emerson's flavor is like the olive,  
A taste that is acquired;  
And Hawthorne has the wild grape tang,  
A thing to be desired;  
And Lowell is wine for thirsty souls,  
The harmless kind that cheers.  
Thoreau has mixtures in his mug  
Of bitter-sweet root beers;  
And Bryant is frozen pudding,  
That chills and makes you shiver.  
While Bayard Taylor brings you trout  
From many a crystal river.  
Gene Stratton Porter, bless her heart,  
Tastes like the berries of June,  
And while you taste them, all the birds  
Start up a merry tune.  
And Winston Churchill is a salad  
Made by some modern rule;  
And Harold Wright is hunter's game  
Shot by a shaded pool;  
While Joseph Lincoln, dripping salt,  
A dish no landsman knew,  
Reminds me of a quahaug soup  
Or steaming lobster stew.

## TO GENE STRATTON PORTER

DEAR "Laddie's" little sister,  
And friend of every child,  
And blessed advertizer  
Of "Music of the wild,"  
To you, a rural rhymster  
Would like to send a word  
Of glad appreciation.  
I'm sure some passing bird  
Would take it, if he knew me  
As well as he knows you,  
And drop it at the "Limberlost,"  
Where folks are all "true blue."

As "bearer of the morning,"  
And chaser of the dark,  
It would be very fitting  
For me to call you "lark";  
But somehow when I listen  
To your mixed merry tune,  
You 'mind me of a catbird  
Who sings to God in June!  
In your glad notes of music  
And your rich song of cheer  
The echoes of the woodland  
And singing swamp I hear.  
You make me leave my study  
And tramp out from the town,  
And all my priggish idols  
You flop right upside down.

## THE WARTIME POETS

**F**OR barren years no prophet's hand  
Has struck the living lyre,  
The poets have been prosy folks  
With no celestial fire,  
Save where a Riley heard the notes  
That rise from common sod  
And through October woodlands walked  
With Nature and with God;  
Or where a Kipling climbed alone  
A mountain crowned with flame,  
And drunk with glory, uttered words  
That won him deathless fame.

Then came the fearful holocaust,  
Apparently from hell,  
And sleepy watchmen no more cried  
Through sleepy streets, "All's well!"  
But martyr blood flowed crimson red  
And crosses marked each hill,  
Then o'er the plains where soldiers fought  
There sounded notes long still.

The wartime poets wrote lines of fire  
With ecstasy divine;  
With them I would not dare to place  
These ragged rhymes of mine,  
But humbly place my tribute here  
To that new race of men  
Whose words will live forevermore,  
And bravely died with sword in hand  
And sung with dying breath  
Immortal songs that take from life  
Its prose and sweeten death.  
They do not know, in coming years,  
Our lips will kiss the sacred sod  
Where they fell singing; their fame secure,  
They play their golden harps to God.

## MY CREED

**T**HE Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man,  
The Saviorhood of Jesus Christ,  
My life a love-made plan,  
Such as fond mothers love to dream  
When baby's eyes they see!  
The realization of that plan  
Is largely up to me!

The universe has known its night,  
Its clouds will pass away,  
I hear the bird-song and I see  
Red gleams of coming day.

# DEMOCRACY

“One is your master, even Christ and all ye are brethren.”  
Matt. 23:10.

**D**EMOCRACY is no new thing,  
Although its name is new;  
Christ taught its truth by Olivet  
When human rights were few.  
And if the world had spent more time  
In doing as He said,  
We'd have less of bishop and less of king,  
And more of man instead.

## REVELATION

**G**OD in the pine trees and white clad, gracefu  
birch,

God in the birdsong, bobolink and thrush,  
God in the Scriptures, like life sap in the tree,  
And beneath the fever and the fretful rush  
God, eternal Spirit, liveth, too, in me!

God in the sunshine, healing storm-rent scars,  
God in the moonlight, stirring wistful dreams,  
God in the violets, springing from the sod,  
God, the guiding course for history's turbulent  
streams,  
God in Christ, our Savior, eternal Son of God!

## “THERE IS NO HELL”

“THERE is no hell!  
That God would doom to lasting flames  
A portion of mankind,  
Is but the nightmare of the race,  
The frightened dream of mortal mind.  
Man! Of God’s own self, a part;  
And dear to him as children are  
To brooding, mother heart.”  
So spake the modern preacher,  
And I who take to gentle truth and mild  
Had almost said, “Amen!”  
It seemed to me so comforting,



And then—  
I looked around and saw the woe  
All caused by human sin,  
The everlasting Calvary,  
Beneath the world's wild din;  
And thought if I by word or deed  
Had helped to press hard down  
Upon the brow of Son of Man,  
The heavy, thorn-made crown,  
Although my feet tread golden streets,  
Where heavenly anthems swell,  
Within the halls of memory  
Is everlasting hell.  
And if sin be an opiate  
And make me cease to care,  
And lose the tender heart that sobs  
The penitential prayer,  
Ah, well!  
That would be, it seems to me,  
The very lowest hell!

## TOMORROW

**T**HE far tomorrow, cold and dim,  
Will simply be to go with Him  
On through the evening's peaceful gloam,  
On to the Father's "Welcome Home."

# HIS DEITY

(John 17.)

“**W**HY should I worship Jesus Christ,  
The Galilean seer?”  
I asked my friend the scientist,  
Whose mission keeps him near  
First causes.

“Because,” he said, “Within your Book  
It tells of how He reigned supreme  
O'er forces of whose mastery  
We scientists but dream  
And wonder.”

But just because He has the power,  
And with it too the skill  
To run this belted universe  
As Dives runs his mill  
For profit,

Does not move me to worship Him.  
A democrat am I,  
And bow my head as reverently  
To him who passes by  
To labor,

With overalls and jumper,  
And dinner pail in hand,  
Whose soul, unstained, erect,  
Meets every demand  
Of manhood.

“Why should I worship Jesus Christ,  
The Galilean seer?”

I asked the white souled Christian,  
Who lingered ever near  
His presence.

“Because Infinite Holiness,  
Wherever it is found,  
Makes all before its burning bush  
Tread softly holy ground  
And pray.”

“In God the Father, throned above,  
In God’s eternal Son,  
Its uncreated glory shines,  
That makes them ONE,  
Forever.”

“And we who feel its power  
Are moved to humbly pray  
And, more than that, as thoughtful men,  
Its inner call obey  
And imitate.”

“That going up the shining way  
On toward the central sun,  
We, too, may then become a part  
Of that eternal ONE,  
Forever.”

## A TOAST

UNLESS I put within this book  
Where wistful maidens glance,  
A song of younglings making love,  
The flavor of romance,  
The reading public will declare,  
"Though what he says is nice,  
His soul is like November nights  
With moonlight on the ice."

But when a youth has loved a lass  
More dearly than his life,  
And when it simply came to pass  
That she became his wife,  
And still across the snowy cloth  
She smiles like heaven on him,  
The memory of the courtship days  
Becomes a little dim.

He cannot somehow set to verse  
The thrill that came and went,  
Because he has within his heart  
A song of glad content.  
I lift my cup and drink my toast  
That brims with joy and laughter,  
Not for days before I wed,  
But those that have come after.

## A LOVE POEM

**D**ID you ever see a couple,  
Homely as some wrinkled fruit?  
Did you wonder how that couple  
Ever could each other suit?

Did you ask yourself the question  
With a comprehension dim,  
“How could he think she was lovely?”  
“What could she behold in him?”

Could you follow that same couple  
To the cottage by the way,  
Where he tramps him home at sunset,  
Where she waits at close of day,

Could you stand unseen between them,  
And behold the inner light,  
Flashed soul deep from each to other  
Like a beacon in the night,

You would understand the secret,  
Not that love is very blind,  
But that love is not near-sighted  
And can see beneath the rind.





“Her happy face made passing folks take one more hungry look”



## “WHERE IS YOUR HOME?”

**S**HE came to make a little visit  
When she was three years old,  
Her eyes were like the summer sea,  
Her hair was fine spun gold,  
Her lips were like the strawberries  
Which grow beside the brook;  
Her happy face made passing folks  
Take one more hungry look;  
Her merry prattle filled my home  
Until there came the day  
When she must close her little visit  
And journey far away.

I said to her, “My little lass,  
Will you go home today?”  
She dimpled with a bashful smile,  
“I’ve got to go to play  
Out in the yard with my new doll,  
So I can’t go, you know;  
Perhaps some other morning bright,  
If you think best, I’ll go.”  
My jealous heart gave one glad leap,  
I said within me, “Never!  
If you don’t want to journey home,  
I’ll keep you here forever.”

But when I took her to the train  
On which her father came,  
And as he stood there by our side,  
And called her by her name,  
Her blue eyes misted o'er with tears,  
And she could hardly speak.  
She gave one leap to his strong arms  
And nestled by his cheek.

To cover up my homesick heart  
I said, "Where are you going?"  
"I'm going home," she shouted back.  
And then, as if not knowing,  
"Where is your home?" I questioned her;  
She patted with her baby hand  
Her father's cheek with gentle grace,  
"Why home is where my papa is,"  
She said and hid her face.

O fairy teacher, by your lips  
Eternal truth is given,  
Philosophy of happy homes,  
Geography of Heaven!

# “WE WILL WALK THE GOLDEN STREETS TOGETHER”

Dedicated to my Mother

**W**E will walk the golden streets together,  
We will climb the beauteous hills,  
We will linger by the fountains  
And the gentle flowing rills,  
We will listen to the angel song  
And to their harps of gold.  
Oh, the glory and the rapture!  
It can never here be told.

We will journey through the city  
And the suburbs far and near.  
In the land that has no sorrow,  
In the land that has no fear.  
We will gather fadeless flowers  
From the fields of lasting green.  
Oh, the glory and the rapture!  
It can never here be seen.

But amid the joy and gladness  
Of the blest “forevermore,”  
While the sea that shines like crystal  
Tosses spray upon the shore,  
And the angels in their reverence  
Hush their harps and still their song,  
We shall see in all His glory  
The Christ we’ve loved so long.

## TO MY CRITIC

**Y**OU need not tell me, critic dear,  
Because you see I know it,  
I have too much preacher blood  
To be your kind of poet!  
And to the truth you mention now  
I fear I shall not 'wake,  
That when one sings of common things,  
Then "art for art's own sake"  
Should be his guiding principle,  
And he should be content  
To please the eye and please the ear,  
For thus were poets meant.

You see I cannot quite forget  
That when this wondrous world  
Was by Our Father's skillful hand  
Through starlit spaces whirled,  
He meant that by the things we see,  
If we but think and heed,  
Life's deeper secrets hidden there,  
Our hearts should learn to read,  
That life itself is one great poem  
Whose meaning we may find,  
If we approach its mystery  
With reverent heart and mind.

## “THE END IS NOT YET”

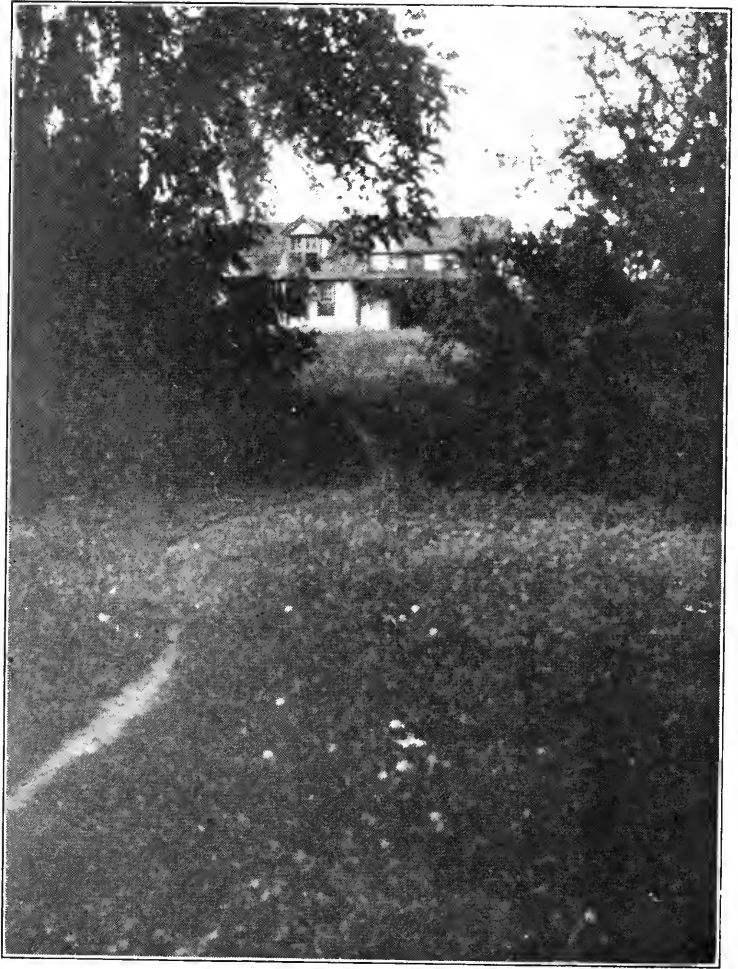
NOT yet the end, while human hate  
Still mocks the angel song of old,  
Although the hour in time is late,  
And signs by hoary seers foretold  
Long since have passed, like striking bells  
That mark the hours of star-watched night,  
Until with joy the morning swells  
And eastern skies all flame with light.

Not yet the end, while human greed  
Still seeks with lustful eyes the soil  
Where patient peasants sowed the seed,  
And sanctified it with their toil.  
And gold is god and fame the crown  
That men pursue with quenchless thirst,  
And swiftly strike a brother down  
Lest he should gain its glitter first.

Not yet the end, while human blood  
    Bespatters marketplace and mead,  
And like a mighty, rushing flood,  
    The hellish hounds of war are freed,  
Until the sun turns dark with shame,  
    The silver moon flames fiery red,  
While weltering nations count their fame  
    From heaps on heaps of foemen dead.

Not yet the end, until the Child  
    Who came to earth while beamed the star,  
Shall wield His scepter, meek and mild,  
    And men shall see the things as they are.  
O heart of mine, be patient yet,  
    The road winds on for many a mile,  
'Though men grow heedless and forget  
    They'll think and weep, in afterwhile.





The dear home paths



## WHEN WE ALL GET HOME AT NIGHT

**W**HEN in other lands we wander,  
And in distant paths we roam,  
How our hearts grow warm and tender,  
When at night we think of home.

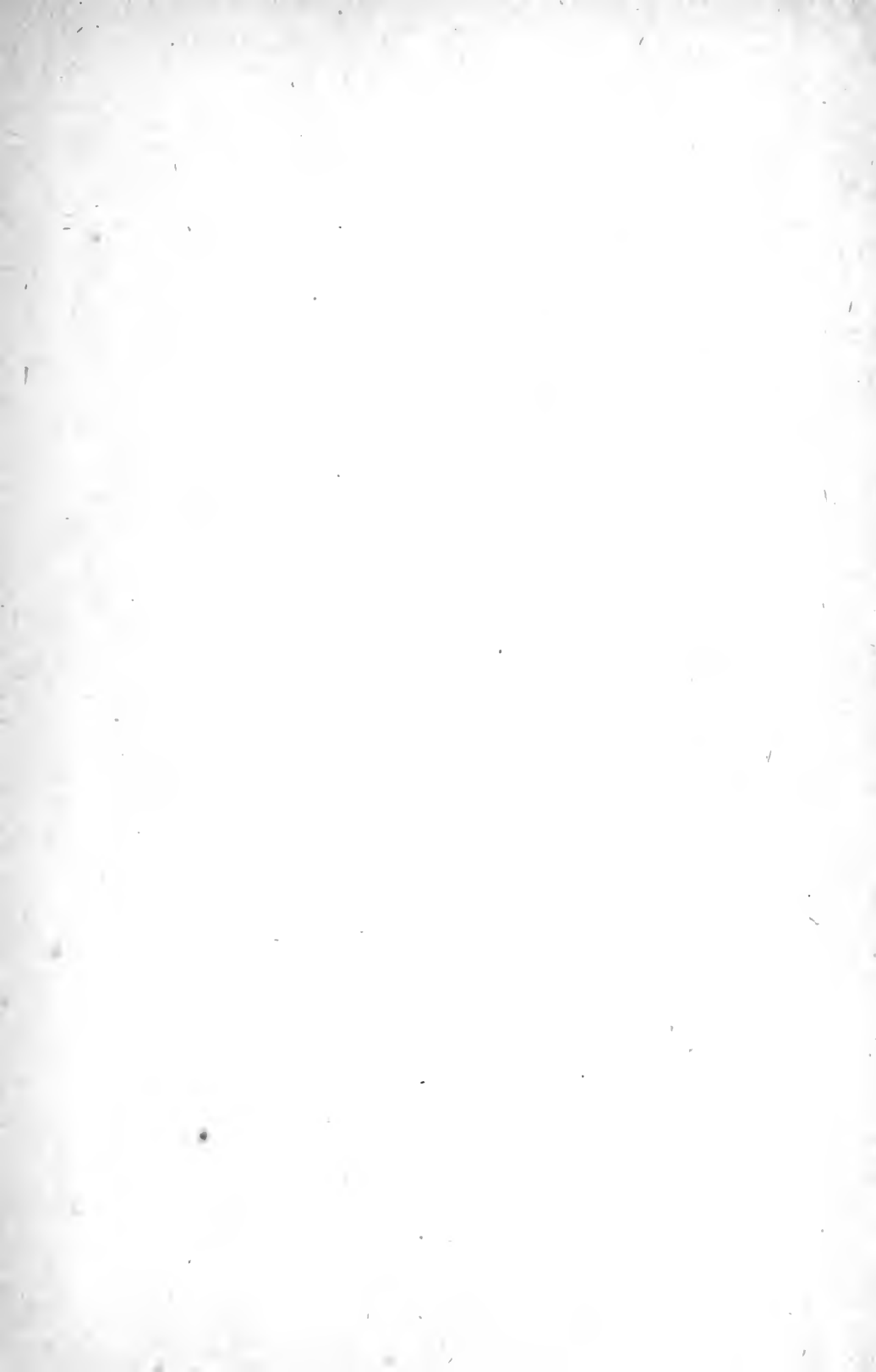
And the hills we loved in childhood  
Seem to call us from afar,  
As they did when o'er their summits  
We beheld the evening star.

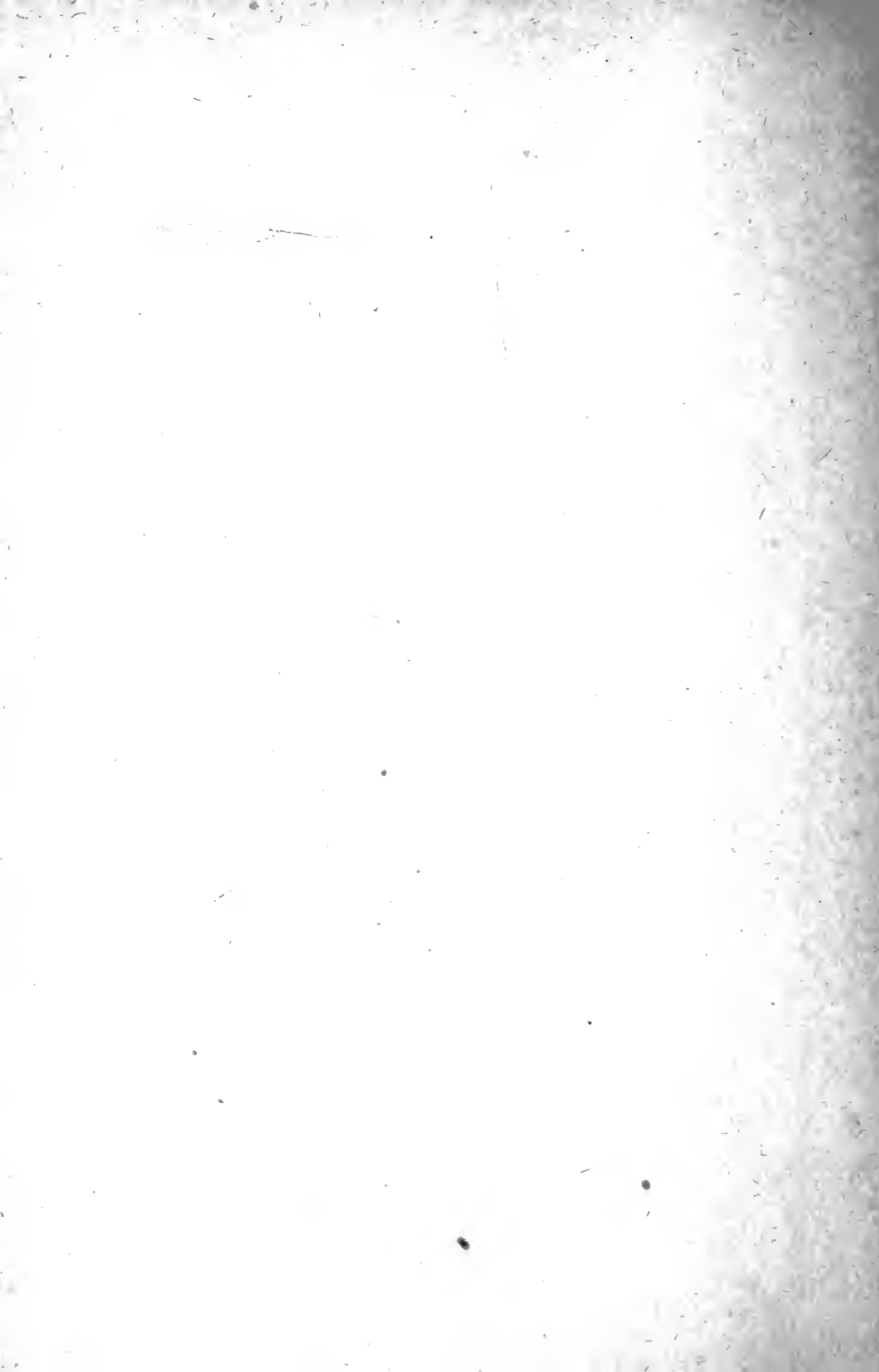
Our lives are but a journey  
'Round the circle, through the glen,  
And when shadows fall at even  
We shall all come home again.

In the dear home paths we'll wander,  
And the years that took their flight  
In our joy will be forgotten,  
When we all come home at night.

And the Father who has missed us,  
When so sadly we did roam,  
And the Saviour who has loved us  
Will receive us, "Welcome home."









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